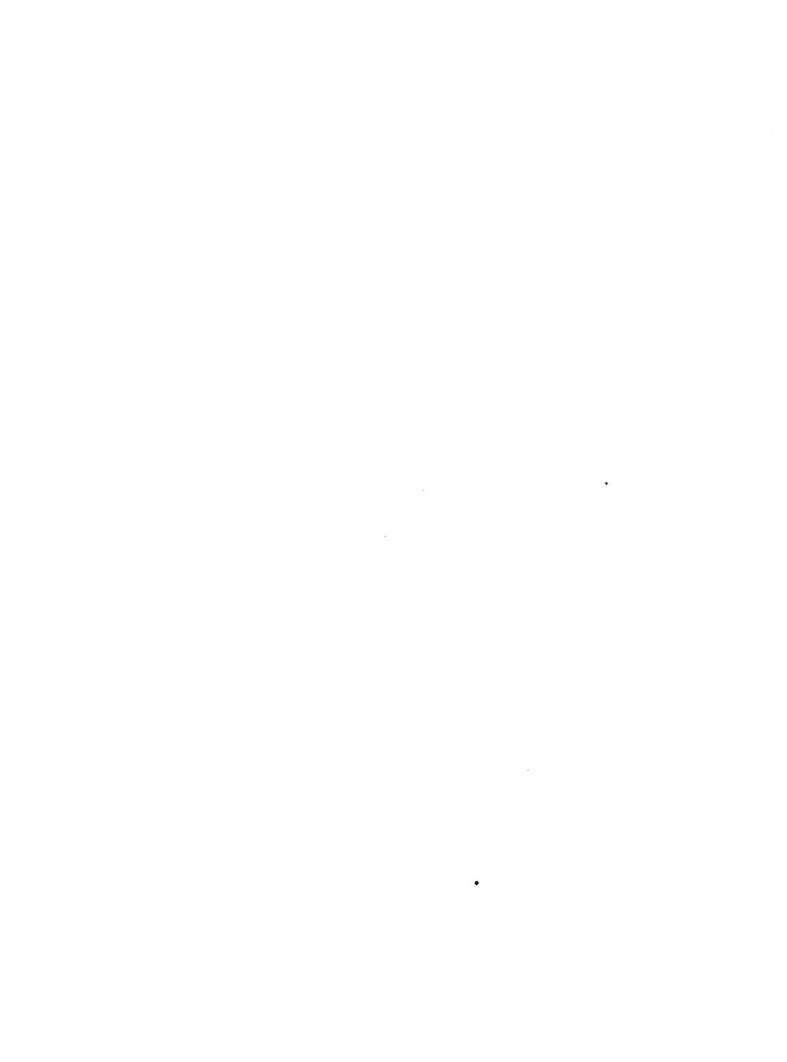


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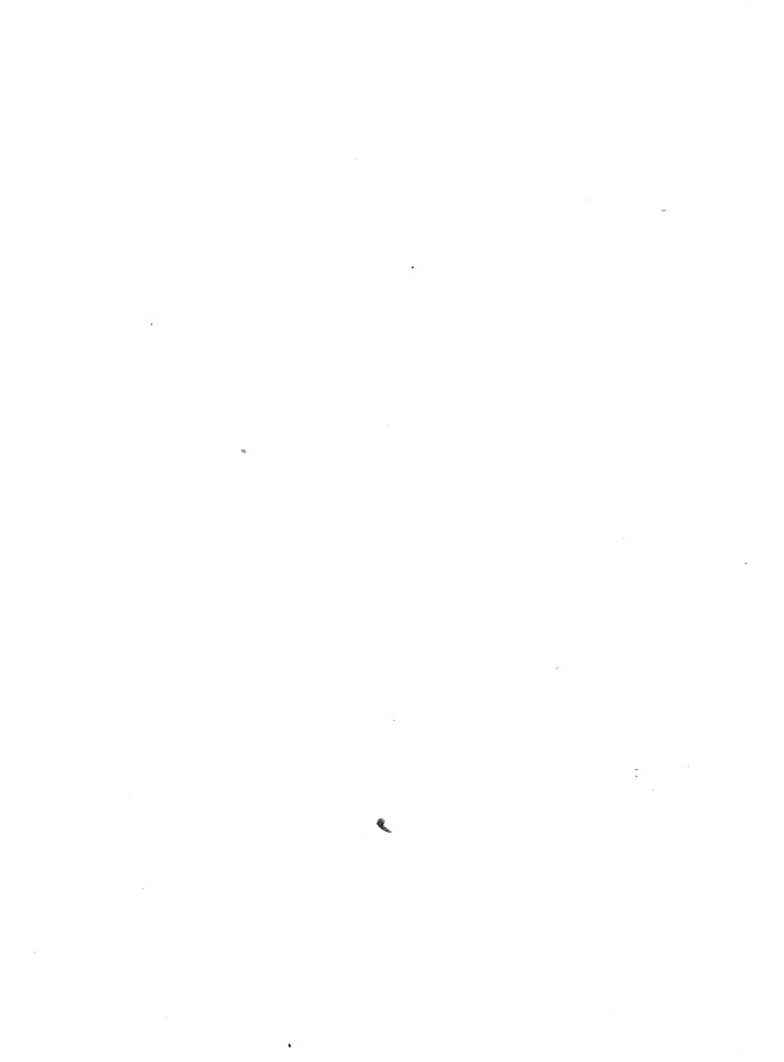


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HYMNS AND SONGS
OF THE
FOUR-FOLD GOSPEL,
AND THE
FULLNESS OF JESUS.

BY REV. A. B. SIMPSON.

NEW YORK :
THE CHRISTIAN ALLIANCE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
692 EIGHTH AVENUE.

Epref. 1891]
MRS

48417B

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CONTENTS.

Jesus Only,	-	-	-	-	-	-	9
Come Seven-fold Holy Ghost,	-	-	-	-	-	-	11
Yesterday, To-day, and Forever,	-	-	-	-	-	-	15
Himself,	-	-	-	-	-	-	19
Throne Life,	-	-	-	-	-	-	22
Trust and Rest,	-	-	-	-	-	-	24
The Wonderful Rock,	-	-	-	-	-	-	27
Everlasting Love,	-	-	-	-	-	-	30
Everlasting Arms,	-	-	-	-	-	-	33
It is Done,	-	-	-	-	-	-	36
I will Trust,	-	-	-	-	-	-	39
I Take ; He Undertakes,	-	-	-	-	-	-	42
On Eagle's Wings,	-	-	-	-	-	-	44
Waiting on the Lord,	-	-	-	-	-	-	46
The Joy of the Lord,	-	-	-	-	-	-	49
Abiding and Confiding,	-	-	-	-	-	-	52
Not I, but Christ,	-	-	-	-	-	-	54
But God,	-	-	-	-	-	-	58
Come with Us,	-	-	-	-	-	-	61
Jehovah Rophi,	-	-	-	-	-	-	64

Healed by His Stripes,	"	"	"	"	"	66
The Fountain of Life,	-	-	-	-	-	69
The Days of Heaven,	-	-	-	-	-	72
I will say "Yes," to Jesus,	-	-	-	-	-	75
Berachah Songs,	-	-	-	-	-	77
A Missionary Cry,	-	-	-	-	-	79
The World for Jesus,	-	-	-	-	-	82
Under the Southern Cross,	-	-	-	-	-	86
The Home Coming,	-	-	-	-	-	88
The Summer Land of Love,		-	-	-	-	90
Three Christmas Gifts,	-	-	-	-	-	94
The Lily of Bethlehem,	-	-	-	-	-	98
He is Risen,	-	-	-	-	-	105
The Cross and the Vine,	-	-	-	-	-	108
Moment by moment,	-	-	-	-	-	111
Heavenly Love,	-	-	-	-	-	113
What would Jesus Do,	-	-	-	-	-	116
Through Death to Life,	-	-	-	-	-	119
Jesus Bears our Sorrow,		-	-	-	-	122
Kadesh Barnea,	-	-	-	-	-	125
My Beloved,	-	-	-	-	-	128

PREFACE.

THESE simple songs are not offered to the criticism of the literary world, as samples of poetry, but to the hungry, thirsty children of God, as morsels of Living Bread and little cups of Cana's wine; the best reason for giving them out being that they have first refreshed the heart that hands them forth and seemed to him a suitable and graceful New Year's offering to the many beloved ones who are part of his own life and to whose prayers and lives he largely owes, through the dear Lord, any power that may have been given him to be a blessing. He humbly recognizes this new and unexpected gift as simply a drop from the Eternal Spring and a sacred trust for others. To Him be all the praise, and to His people the joy and blessing.

New Year's Day, 1891,

HYMNS AND SONGS
OF
THE FOUR-FOLD GOSPEL,
AND
THE FULLNESS OF JESUS.

Jesus Only.



JESUS ONLY is our message,
Jesus all our Theme shall be,
We will lift up Jesus ever,
Jesus only will we see.

Jesus only is our Saviour,
All our guilt He bore away,
All our righteousness He gives us,
All our strength from day to day.

Jesus is our Sanctifier,
Cleansing us from self and sin,
And with all His Spirit's fullness,
Filling all our heart within.

Jesus only is our Healer,
All our sicknesses He bare,
And His risen life and fulness,
All His members still may share.

Jesus only is our Power,
His the gift of Pentecost;
Jesus, breathe Thy power upon us,
Fill us with the Holy Ghost.

And for Jesus we are waiting,
Listening for the Advent call;
But 'twill still be Jesus only,
Jesus ever, All in All.

Come Seven-fold Holy Ghost.



COME, blessed, holy, heavenly Dove,
Spirit of light, and life, and love,
Revive our souls we pray !
Come with the power of Pentecost
Come as the Seven-fold Holy Ghost,
And fill our hearts to-day.

Spirit of life ! the dead awake,
The slumbering sinner's fetters break,
And set the captive free !
Speak with the gospel's ancient power,
And let us all this sacred hour,
Thy great salvation see.

Spirit of Truth ! with light divine,
O'er all our inward darkness shine,
 Show us Thy perfect way !
Reveal the wonders of Thy word,
Reveal the glory of the Lord,
 And guide us day by day.

Celestial Dove of Peace and Rest,
Hide us beneath Thy brooding breast,
 Thine overshadowing wing !
Bid all our doubts and cares to cease,
And keep our hearts in perfect peace,
 And everlasting spring.

Spirit of Holiness ! we pray,
Take every stain of sin away.
 And all our being fill ;
Baptize us with Thy perfect love,
And let our lives and actions prove
 Thine acceptable will.

Spirit of Health, whose mighty breath,
Awoke our slumbering Lord from death,
 Quicken our mortal frame.
Our strength renew, our sickness heal,
And let each suffering member feel
 The power of Jesus' Name.

Spirit of Prayer ! Thy burdens roll
On every consecrated soul,
 The faith of God bestow ;
O Christ, Thy priesthood let us share,
And the omnipotence of prayer
 Once more Thy people show.

Spirit of Power ! with heavenly fire,
Our souls endue, our tongues inspire,
 Stretch forth Thy Mighty Hand ;
Thy Pentecostal gifts restore,
The wonders of Thy Power once more,
 Display in every land.

Spirit of Love ! upon us shed,
The oil that fell on Aaron's head,
And bathed his holy feet :
O let our hearts like censers glow
And love like burning incense flow
In fragrant odors sweet.

Spirit of Hope, our vision clear,
For lo ! the Bridegroom draweth near,
His star is in the East ;
Show us its faintest rising beam,
Wake us with Morning's earliest gleam,
And robe us for the Feast.

Yesterday, Today, Forever.



O HOW sweet the glorious Message,
Simple faith may claim,
Yesterday, to-day, forever
Jesus is the same.

Still He loves to save the sinful,
Heal the sick and lame,
Cheer the mourner, still the tempest,
Glory to His Name.

He who was the Friend of Sinners,
Seeks thee, lost one now,
Sinner come, and at His footstool
Penitently bow.

He who said, "I'll not condemn thee,
Go and sin no more,"
Speaks to thee that word of pardon,
As in days of yore.

He that blessed the little children,
 Bids them still to come ;
He that sat at Martha's table,
 Enters still thy home.
He is still as kind and tender,
 As at Bethany :
He that wept with sorrowing Martha,
 Still will weep with thee.

He that pardoned erring Peter
 Thou need'st never fear ;
He that came to faithless Thomas,
 All thy doubts will clear.
He who let the loved disciple
 On His bosom rest,
Bids thee still with love as tender,
 Lean upon His breast.

Oft on earth He healed the suff'rer
 With His mighty Hand,
Still our sicknesses and sorrows,
 Go at His command.
He who gave His healing virtue
 To a woman's touch,
To the faith that claims His fullness,
 Still will give as much.

He who 'mid the raging billows
 Walked upon the sea,
Still can hush our wildest tempest,
 As on Galilee.
He who wept and prayed in anguish
 In Gethesemane,
Drinks with us each cup of trembling,
 In our agony.

As of old He walked to Emmaus,
With them to abide ;
So through all life's way He walketh,
Ever near our side.
Soon again we shall behold Him,
Hasten Lord the Day !
But 'twill still be " this same Jesus,"
As He went away.

Himself.



ONCE it was the blessing,
Now it is the Lord,
Once it was the feeling,
Now it is His Word ;
Once His gifts I wanted,
Now the Giver own ;
Once I sought for healing,
Now Himself alone.

Once 'twas painful trying,
Now 'tis perfect trust ;
Once a half salvation,
Now the uttermost ;
Once 'twas ceaseless holding,
Now He holds me fast ;
Once 'twas constant drifting,
Now my anchor's cast.

Once 'twas busy planning,
Now 'tis trustful prayer ;
Once 'twas anxious caring,
Now He has the care ;
Once 'twas what I wanted,
Now what Jesus says ;
Once 'twas constant asking,
Now 'tis ceaseless praise.

Once it was my working,
His it hence shall be.
Once I tried to use Him,
Now He uses me.
Once the power I wanted,
Fow the Mighty One ;
Once for self I labored,
Now for Him alone.

Once I hoped in Jesus,
Now I know He's mine ;
Once my lamps were dying,
Now they brightly shine ;
Once for death I waited,
Now His coming hail ;
And my hopes are anchored
Safe within the vail.



Throne Life.



RISE WITH thy risen Lord,
Ascend with Christ above,
And in the heavenlies walk with Him
Whom seeing not, you love.

Look on your trials here
As He beholds them now,
Look on this world as it will seem
When glory crowns your brow.

Walk as a heavenly race,
Princes of royal blood ;
Walk as the children of the light,
The sons and heirs of God.

Fear not to take your place
With Jesus on the throne,
And bid the pow'rs of earth and hell
His sovereign sceptre own.

Your full redemption rights
With holy boldness claim,
And to its utmost fullness prove
The power of Jesus' name,

Your life is hidden now,
Your glory none can see,
But when He comes His Bride will shine
All glorious as He,

Trust and Rest.



TRUST and rest in Christ forever,
Lean thy head upon His breast,
Nothing from His love can sever
Those who fully trust and rest.

Trust and rest your sins with Jesus,
You who have the Lord confessed,
From our guilt His mercy frees us
We have but to trust and rest.

Trust and rest for full salvation,
Till the land is all possessed,
God will seal your consecration
As you simply trust and rest.

Trust and rest in Christ for healing
You who are with pain oppressed ;
Do not wait for sign or feeling,
Claim His promise, trust and rest.

Trust and rest in hours of sorrow,
Every wrong shall be redressed
In some happy, bright to-morrow,
If you only trust and rest.

Trust and rest when e'en your Father
Fails to grant your fond request ;
Question not His love, but rather
More entirely trust and rest.

Trust and rest when fierce temptations
With their fiery darts molest ;
Gird thy soul with faith and patience,
And undaunted trust and rest.

Trust and rest when all around thee
Puts thy faith to sorest test ;
Let no fear or foe confound thee,
Wait for God and trust and rest.

Trust and rest with heart abiding,
Like a birdling in its nest,
Underneath His feathers hiding,
Fold thy wings and trust and rest.

Trust and rest till gentle fingers
Fold thy hands across thy breast,
While the echo softly lingers,
“Everlasting trust and rest,”

The Wonderful Rock.



ROCK OF HOREB riven for me,
By the law's avenging rod,
Flowing from the cleft I see,
Calvary's sin atoning flood.

And I wash my crimson stains
Whiter than the wool and snow,
As the cleansing waters roll,
And the living fountains flow.

Rock of Kadesh, flowing still,
From the Saviour glorified,
All my thirsty being fill
With Thy Pentecostal Power.
Fountain of the Spirit's power,
Fullness of the Saviour's love,
Let my heart forevermore
All Thy boundless fullness prove,

Following Rock, from day to day,
 Sending forth on every hand,
Rivers all along the way,
 Underneath the desert sand,
Open deep a living well
 Where Thy hidden fountains flow,
Ever near Thee let me dwell,
 As I through the desert go.

Shadowing Rock in weary lands,
 Let me rest beneath Thy shade,
Traveling o'er the burning sands,
 Shelter my defenceless head.
Covert from the tempest rude,
 Refuge 'mid the raging tide,
Fortress when by foes pursued,
 Let me in Thy bosom hide.

Rock of Ages proved and tried,
Fix my trust on Thee alone,
Then my hopes whate'er betide,
Never shall be overthrown.
On the Rock of Ages stayed,
Storms may beat and torrents pour,
I shall never be afraid,
I am safe for evermore.

Everlasting Love.



SWEET the words of loving-kindness,
God hath spoken from above,
“Yea,” He tells us “I have loved thee
With an everlasting love.”

Once His only Son He gave us
His unmeasured love to prove,
Was their ever pledge so wondrous
Of His everlasting love?

Long against His loving-kindness,
All my sinful nature strove,
But He drew me to His bosom
With an everlasting love.

If He sometimes sends us chastening,
If He sometimes must reprove,
It is just because He loves us
With an everlasting love.

Like a web of loving-kindness
All our life His mercy wove,
Every thread and fibre telling
Of His everlasting love.

“Yea,” He echoes when the Tempter
Would our Father’s love disprove,
“Yea,” He answers, “I have loved thee
With an everlasting love.”

Though the everlasting mountains,
And the earth itself remove,
Naught can change His loving-kindness
Or His everlasting love.

Father from Thy loving-kindness
Never let our footsteps rove,
Never let us grieve Thy mercy
And Thy everlasting love.

REFRAIN :

Wonderful, wonderful love of Jesus,
Wonderful Friend all other friends above,
Wonderful, wonderful words He tells us,
“Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting
love.”



The Everlasting Arms.



ART THOU sunk in depths of sorrow
Where no arm can reach so low?
There is One whose arms Almighty
Reach beneath thy deepest woe.
God th'Eternal is thy Refuge,
Let it still thy wild alarms.
Underneath thy deepest sorrow,
Are the everlasting arms.

Other arms grow faint and weary,
These can never faint or fail,
Others reach our mounts of blessing
These our lowest, loneliest vale.
O that all might know His friendship!
O that all might see His charms!
O that all might have beneath them
Jesus' everlasting arms.

Underneath us. O how easy.

We have not to mount on high,
But to sink into His fullness,

And in trustful weakness lie.

And we find our humbling failures

Save us from the strength that harms,
We may fail but underneath us,
Are the everlasting arms.

Arms of Jesus ! fold me closer,

To thy strong and loving breast,
Till my spirit on thy bosom

Finds its everlasting rest ;

And when Time's last sands are sinking,

Shield my heart from all alarms,
Softly whispering, " Underneath thee
Are the everlasting arms.

Strong the arms that oft oppose me,
Weak and frail these arms of mine,
Weaker still the arms of mortals.
Lord, I trust thy arms divine.
And the faith that leans on Jesus
Every fear and foe disarms,
For they know that underneath them
Are the everlasting arms.

Loving arms that once were round me
In the graveyard mouldering lie ;
But His arms are everlasting,
And His love can never die.
And though oft my heart is lonely,
All my tears away it charms,
Still to know that always round me,
Are the everlasting arms.

“It is Done.”



hARK ! a voice from heaven proclaiming,
“It is done.”
Faith repeats the echo, claiming,
“It is done.”

Hear the bleeding Saviour crying,
“It is done.”
Claim His finished work, replying,
“It is done.”

Yield thyself in consecration,
“It is done.”
Take the Lord for full salvation,
“It is done.”

Claim the promise of His healing,

“It is done.”

Trust without a sign or feeling,

“It is done.”

Say of every promised blessing,

“It is done.”

Rest upon His word confessing,

“It is done.”

This the secret of receiving,

“It is done.”

Take Him at His word believing,

“It is done.”

God declares of things that be not,

“It is done.”

Faith repeats, though still we see not,

“It is done.”

Resting on His sure ordaining,

“It is done.”

Sing as if in glory reigning,

“It is done.”

Soon will end the long delaying,

“It is done.”

Soon shall come the answer, saying,

“It is done.”

Soon we'll sing in glad fruition,

“It is done.”

Faith shall end in joyful vision,

“It is done.”

Faith has found its coronation,

“It is done.”

Hope its glorious consummation,

“It is done.”

I Will Trust.



THERE IS a word that saves the soul,
“I will trust.”
And makes the sick and suffering whole,
“I will trust.”

There is a word that sanctifies.
“I will trust.”
And Jesus cleansing blood applies,
“I will trust.”

There is a word that keeps the heart,
“I will trust.”
And shields from every fiery dart,
“I will trust.”

There is a word that answers prayer,

“I will trust.”

That stills each fear and calms each care,

“I will trust.”

There is a word that comfort brings,

“I will trust.”

Till all the heart rejoicing sings,

“I will trust.”

There is a word that clothes with power,

“I will trust.”

And claims the Pentecostal shower,

“I will trust.”

There is a word that meets all need,

“I will trust.”

For every thought and word and deed,

“I will trust.”

There is a word of power divine,
 “ I will trust.”
For God hath said “ All things are mine,”
 “ While I trust.”

There is a word that death defies,
 “ I will trust.”
It mounts above the grave and cries,
 “ I will trust.”

There is a word that claims our crown,
 “ I will trust.”
And on the throne with Christ sits down,
 “ I will trust,”

I take; He Undertakes.



I CLASP the hand of Love Divine,
I claim His gracious promise as mine,
And this eternal covenant sign,
“I take ; He undertakes.”

I take salvation full and free,
Through Him who gave His life for me.
He undertakes my All to be,
“I take ; He undertakes.”

I take Him as my holiness,
My spirit's spotless heavenly dress,
I take “The Lord my Righteousness,”
“I take ; He undertakes.”

I take the promised Holy Ghost,
I take the power of Pentecost,
To fill me to the uttermost.

“I take ; He undertakes.

I take Him for this mortal frame,
I take my healing through His name,
And all His risen life I claim,

“I take ; He undertakes.”

I simply take Him at His word,
I praise Him that my prayer is heard,
And claim my answer from the Lord,

“I take ; He undertakes.”

I take His highest will for me,
Faith's utmost possibility,
For time and all eternity,

“I take ; He undertakes.”

On Eagle's Wings.



MOUNTING up with wings as eagles,
Waiting on the Lord we rise,
Strength exchanging, life renewing,
How our spirit heavenward flies.
Then our springing feet returning,
Tread the pathway of the saint,
We shall run and not be weary,
We shall walk and never faint.

Yes, we need these times of waiting,
When their strength our souls renew,
Drinking from the Living Fountain,
Bathing in the heavenly dew.
Then we mount with wings as eagles,
Then we toil without complaint,
Then we run and share not weary,
Then we walk and never faint.

Yes, we need these heights of rapture,
 When we mount on eagles wings,
Then returning to life's duties,
 All our heart exultant springs.
Oh ! how every burden lightens,
 As with sweet divine constraint,
We can run and not be weary,
 We can walk and never faint.

But our life is more than rapture,
 More than eagle's highest flight,
And these seasons of refreshing,
 Come to keep our armour bright.
As we meet in heavenly warfare,
 Satan's power and sin's foul taint
We shall run and not be weary,
 We shall walk and never faint.

Waiting on the Lord.



I AM waiting in communion at the blessed mercy seat,
I am waiting, sweetly waiting on the Lord,
I am drinking of His fullness, I am sitting at His feet
I am hearkening to the whispers of His love.

O the perfect peace He gives me as I wait upon the Lord
And my spirit sinks into His blessed Will,
While He quiets all the throbbings of my fevered heart
and brain
And upon His blessed bosom holds me still.

O the heights of joy He gives me as I wait upon the Lord
And the fullness of His Spirit floods my soul,
All the gales of heaven are blowing, all the springs of
joy are flowing,
And the tides of glory o'er my being roll.

O the life and strength He gives me as I wait upon the
Lord

And my spirit feeds upon the Diving Bread,
As I drink the life of Jesus and in all my being share
All the fullness of my glorious Living Head.

O the springing health He gives me as I wait upon the
Lord

And my body draws its strength from Him alone,
I can feel His very life-blood quick'ning all my heart
and brain

And my weariness, disease and pain are gone.

O the service that He gives me as I wait upon the Lord,
Ministry of faith and prayer for them I love,
As I bring Thy Spirit's burdens while the Saviour lends
His ear

And presents them to the mercy seat above.

O the secrets that He tells me as I wait upon the Lord,
O the promises He whispers to my heart !
And like John, upon His bosom, I can ask Him what I will,
And the inmost secrets of my soul impart.

O the blessed hopes that thrill me as I wait upon the Lord
And the visions of His glory o'er me rise,
I can almost see the dawning of the glad Millennial Day,
And the Morning Star ascend the Eastern skies.



The Joy of the Lord.



THE JOY of the Lord is the strength of His people,
The sunshine that scatters their sadness and gloom.
The fountain that bursts in the desert of sorrow,
And sheds o'er the wilderness gladness and bloom.

The joy of the Lord is the fruit of His sorrow,
Our sorrows were part of the burden He bore :
He saves us not only from sin but from sighing,
And bids us rejoice and be glad evermore.

The joy of the Lord is our strength for life's burdens,
And gives to each duty a heavenly zest ;
It sets to sweet music the task of the toiler,
And softens the couch of the laborer's rest.

The joy of the Lord is our strength for life's trials,
And lifts the crushed heart above sorrow and care ;
Like the nightingale's notes, it can sing in the darkness
And rejoice when the fig tree is fruitless and bare.

The joy of the Lord is our strength in temptation,
And counts it the testing of patience and grace ;
It marches to battle with shouts of salvation,
And rides o'er its foes in the chariots of praise.

The joy of the Lord is our strength for His service,
As it speaks in our faces and accents of love,
As it draws hungry hearts to the fullness of Jesus,
And wins a sad world His salvation to prove.

The joy of the Lord is the strength of our body,
The gladness of Jesus, the balm for our pain :
His life and His fullness our fountain of healing,
His joy our Elixir for body and brain.

The joy of the Lord is the hope of our calling,
And O for His coming how fondly we pray !
When the ransomed shall come with rejoicing to Zion,
And sorrow and sighing shall vanish away.



Abiding and Confiding.



I HAVE learned the wondrous secret
Of abiding in the Lord ;
I have found the strength and sweetness
Of confiding in His word.

I have tasted life's pure fountain,
I am drinking of His blood ;
I have lost myself in Jesus,
I am sinking into God.

I am crucified with Jesus,
And He lives and dwells in me ;
I have ceased from all my struggling,
'Tis no longer I but He ;
All my will is yielded to Him,
And His Spirit reigns within,
And His precious blood each moment
Keeps me cleansed and free from sin.

All my sicknesses I bring Him,
And He bears them all away ;
All my fears and griefs I tell Him,
All my cares from day to day.
All my strength I draw from Jesus,
By His breath I live and move ;
E'en His very mind He gives me,
And His faith, and life, and love.

For my words I take His wisdom,
For my work His Spirit's power ;
For my ways His gracious presence
Guards and guides me every hour.
Of my heart, He is the portion,
Of my joy the ceaseless spring ;
Saviour, Sanctifier, Healer,
Glorious Lord and Coming King !

Not I, but Christ.



THERE IS a foe whose hidden power,
The Christian well may fear,
More subtle far than inbred sin
And to the heart more dear.
It is the power of selfishness,
It is the wilful I,
And e're my Lord can live in me
My very self must die.

There is, like Anak's sons of old,
A race of giants still,
Self-glorying, self-confidence,
Self-seeking and self-will.
Still must these haughty Anakim,
By Caleb's sword be slain,
E'er Hebron's heights of heavenly love,
Our conquering feet can gain.

O save me from self-will, dear Lord,
Which claims Thy sacred Throne,
O let my will be lost in Thine,
And let Thy will be done.
O keep me from self-confidence,
And self-sufficiency,
Let me exchange my strength for Thine,
And lean alone on Thee.

O save me from self-seeking Lord,
Let me not be my own,
A living sacrifice I come,
Lord keep me Thine alone ;
From proud vain-glory save me Lord,
From pride of praise and fame,
To Christ be all the honor given,
The glory to His Name,

O save me from the subtle foe
That ruined wretched Saul,
Debased Chaldea's impious king,
And led to Peter's fall.
Let Anak die and Isaac lie,
A living sacrifice,
And from Moriah's altar still
Thy living Temple rise

O Jesus slay the self in me,
By Thy consuming breath ;
Show me Thy heart, Thy wounds Thy shame,
And love my soul to death.
When the Shekinah flame came down,
E'en Moses could not stay ;
So let Thy glory fill me now,
And self forever slay.

O Jesus come and dwell in me,
Walk in my steps each day,
Live in my life, love in my love,
And speak in all I say ;
Think in my thoughts, let all my acts,
Thy very actions be,
So shall it be no longer I,
But Christ that lives in me.

But God.



I HAVE not wealth or noble birth,
I have not acres broad
I have not wisdom, strength or worth,
But I have God.

I sank beneath the wrath of God,
Christ bore my awful load.
With men it was impossible,
But not with God !

My life was stained with self and sin,
He cleansed me with His blood,
And now it is not I that live,
But He, my God.

Poor sorrowing heart ! whose bleeding feet,
The thorny path have trod,
Thou hast no light nor help nor friend,
But thou hast God.

Poor sick one ! sinking to the grave,
Beneath affliction's rod,
Thy case no human hand can heal,
No hand but God.

Poor tempted heart ! thy angry foes,
Rage round thee like a flood,
Their hate is far too strong for thee,
But not for God.

Poor stricken one ! thy loved ones lie
Beneath the graveyard sod,
Left in thy loneliness by all,
Yes, all but God.

Soon must thou pass, and pass alone,
Death's sullen, swollen flood,
All other friends are left behind,
All but thy God.

Poor earth-bound soul ! whose portion here,
Is but an earthly clod ;
Thy wealth is dross, thy soul is lost
With all but God.

Come with Us.

WE'RE journeying homeward to the Land of Promise
That lies beyond the Jordan's swelling flood,
The land of rest, our blessed home forever ;
Come thou with us and we will do thee good.

Hast thou not heard of our fair happy Canaan
That Moses' eyes from Pisgah's summit viewed ?
O come ! thou mayest not only see, but enter :
O come with us and we will do thee good !

Come to the land where all our sin is buried,
Beneath the Jordan's deep and swelling flood :
Art thou not tired of sinning and repenting ?
Come, then, with us and we will do thee good !

O come, and leave thy sinful self forever
 Beneath the fountain of the Saviour's blood ;
O come, and take Him as thy Sanctifier,
 Come thou with us and we will do thee good !

Come to the land where all foes are vanquished,
 And sorrow, sin, disease and death subdued ;
O weary soul ! by Satan bruised and baffled,
 Come thou with us and we will do thee good !

Come, and the walls of Jericho shall crumble,
 And with th' omnipotence of faith endued,
From victory unto victory Christ shall lead thee,
 O come with us and we will do thee good !

Come to the land that flows with milk and honey,
 And all its children eat of heavenly food ;
Come taste its corn and wine, and grapes of Eschol,
 O come with us and we will do thee good !

Come dwell in Hebron's heights, or Timnath-Serah—
Bright City of the Sun, where clouds ne'er brood;
Oh, ye who dwell in doubt, and fear, and sadness,
Come, come with us and we will do you good!

We're journeying homeward to that happy country,
Where Christ is now preparing our abode,
Where lovèd ones wait, and heavenly voices echo,
“Come, come to us and we will do thee good.”

Why will you linger in this desert lonely,
Mid barren wastes and tempests wild and rude,
O come and share our hope, our heaven, our Saviour,
Come thou with us and we will do thee good!

Jehovah-Rophi.



THERE IS a healing branch that grows
Where every bitter Marah flows ;
This is our health renewing tree,
“I am the Lord that Healeth thee.”

There is an old appointed way
For those who “hearken and obey ;”
Above the gate these words we see,
“I am the Lord who healeth thee.”

There is “an ordinance” that has stood
Since Israel crossed the parted flood,
It stands to-day for you and me,
“I am the Lord that healeth thee.”

There is a great Physician still,
Whose hand has all its ancient skill ;
At His command our pains will flee,
“I am the Lord that healeth thee.”

There is a faith that trusts the Lord,
And simply answers to His word,
“My body, Lord, I yield to Thee,
Thou art the Lord that healeth me.”

There is an Elim's fount that flows
Hard by where Marah's health tree grows ;
None know its joys so well as he
Who lets the Lord his healer be.

Healed by His Stripes.



BLESSED be the glorious tidings,
To a suffering world revealed ;
Jesus has atoned for our sickness,
And by His stripes we are healed.

Jesus ever welcomed the sufferers,
Who to His mercy appealed :
Still He bids us bring Him our sickness,
For by His stripes we are healed.

Blessed be the statute of Marah,
Never has it been repealed.
Jesus is the true Branch of Healing,
For by His stripes we are healed.

If it be for sin thou art suffering,
Quickly to His chastening yield,
Then for full deliverance trust Him,
For by His stripes we are healed.

Blessed be the sacred anointing,
By the Holy Spirit sealed.
Jesus lay Thine own hand upon us,
For by Thy stripes we are healed.

Saviour, mid the arrows of Satan,
Be Thou our refuge and shield.
Safely shall we walk through all danger,
For by Thy stripes we are healed.

Sacred to Thy glory forever,
Jesus, our members we yield.
Never let us cease to remember,
That by Thy stripes we are healed.

Thousands still are suffering and sinking
Christ from their blindness concealed
Tell them of the gracious Physician,
For by His stripes we are healed.

REFRAIN :

Blessed be the great Atonement
To a suffering world revealed,
Blessed be the Great Physician,
For by His stripes we are healed.



The Fountain of Life.



I HAVE come to the Fountain of Life,
A fountain that flows from above.
I have passed from the Waters of Strife
And come to the Elim of love.

I have drunk of Samaria's well,
In the depths of my being it springs.
No mortal can measure or tell
The gladness the Comforter brings.

I have come to the Fountain of Blood,
That for guilt and uncleanness doth flow,
I have washed in its sin cleansing flood,
And my garments are whiter than snow.
I count not my righteousness mine,
'Tis Jesus that lives in my soul;
I partake of His nature divine,
And in Him I am perfectly whole.

I have come to the Fountain of Health,
A boundless and endless supply,
'Tis a secret, man's wisdom or wealth,
Can never discover or buy.
But the secret my Lord hath revealed,
In the fountain that flows from His side,
In the stripes by which we are healed ;
In Himself as He comes to abide.

I have come to the Fountain of Love,
He fills all the springs of my heart,
Enthron-ed all others above,
Our friendship no power can part.
And so long as the fountain is full,
The streams without measure must flow,
And the love that He pours in my soul
To others in blessing must go.

I have come to the Fountain of Joy,
His joy is the strength of my heart,
My delight is unmixed with alloy,
His sunshine can never depart.
The fig tree may wither and die,
Earth's pleasures and prospects decline,
But my fountains can never be dry,
My portion, my joy is divine.



The Days of Heaven.



THE DAYS of Heaven are peaceful days,
Still as yon glassy sea ;
So calm, so still in God, our days
As the Days of Heaven would be.



The Days of Heaven are holy days,
From sin forever free ;
So cleansed and kept our days, O Lord,
As the Days of Heaven would be.

The Days of Heaven are happy days,
Sorrow they never see ;
So full of gladness let our days
As the Days of Heaven be.

The Days of Heaven are healthful days
They feed on life's fair tree ;
So feeding on thy strength O Christ
Our days as Heaven may be.

The Days of Heaven are busy days
They serve continually ;
So spent for Thee and Thine, our days,
As the Days of Heaven would be.

The Days of Heaven are loving days,
As one they all agree ;
So linked in loving unity
May our days as Heaven be.

The Days of Heaven are Christly days,
The Light of Heaven is He ;
So walking at His side, our days,
As the Days of Heaven would be.

The Days of Heaven are endless days
Days of Eternity ;
So may our lives and works endure
While the Days of Heaven shall be.

And soon the glad Millennial Days
Our joyful eyes shall see ;
And for a thousand happy years
Our days as Heaven shall be.

Walk with us, Lord, through all the days,
And let us walk with Thee ;
Till as Thy will is done in Heaven,
On earth so shall it be.

I Will Say "Yes" to Jesus.



I WILL say "Yes" to Jesus,
Oft it was "No" before,
As He knocked at my heart's proud entrance
And I firmly barred the door.
But I've made a complete surrender,
And given Him right of way,
And henceforth it is always, "Yes,"
Whatever He may say.

I will say "Yes" to Jesus,
His promises I'll claim,
And in every cheque He endorses
I'll dare to write my name;
I will put my "Amen" wherever
My God has put His "Yea,"
And ever boldly answer, "Yes,"
Whatever He may say.

I will say "Yes" to Jesus,
To all that He commands,
I will hasten to do His bidding
With willing heart and hands;
I will listen to hear His whispers,
And learn His will each day,
And always gladly answer "Yes,"
Whatever He may say.

I will say "Yes" to Jesus,
Whate'er His hand may bring:
And, tho' clouds hang o'er my pathway,
My trusting heart will sing,
"I will follow where'er He leadeth,
My Shepherd knows the way,
And while I live I'll answer 'Yes,'
Whatever He may say."

Berachah Songs.



WHEN OF old on Judah's plains,
Heathen foes in myriads came,
Judah's hosts against them marched,
Singing in Jehovah's name.
And before that volley loud,
Heaven's artillery of praise,
Ammon quailed and Moab fled,
Filled with panic and amaze.

Not with charge of horsemen proud,
Not with might of spear or sword,
Moved the vanguard to the fray,
But with praises to the Lord.
This our battle cry shall be,
This the standard here we raise,
Vanguard bold and victory sure,
Shouts of faith and songs of praise.

Not by cries, or groans, or fears,
Are our conflicts to be won ;
But by faith that claims and sings,
Ere the battle is begun.
Onward then with nobler strains,
Songs of victory let us sing ;
Marching through Immanuel's ground,
Waiting for our Coming King.

A Missionary Cry.



A HUNDRED thousand souls a day,
Are passing one by one away,
In Christless guilt and gloom.
Without one ray of hope or light,
With future dark as endless night,
They're passing to their doom.

O Church of Christ awake, awake,
O Christ, thy church's slumber break,
Show us our brother's blood.
A hundred thousand voices send,
Before the century shall end,
To tell the love of God.

O Holy Ghost thy people move,
Baptize their hearts with faith and love,
And consecrate their gold.
At Jesus' feet their millions pour,
And all their ranks unite once more,
As in the days of old.

Armies of prayer your promise claim,
Prove the full power of Jesus name,
And take the victory.
Your conquering Captain leads you on,
The glorious fight may yet be won,
This very century.

The Master's coming draweth near,
The Son of Man will soon appear,
His Kingdom is at hand.
But ere that glorious day can be,
This Gospel of the Kingdom, we
Must preach in every land.

O let us then His coming haste,
O let us end this awful waste,
Of souls that never die.
A thousand million still are lost,
A Saviour's blood has paid the cost,
O hear their dying cry.

They are passing, passing fast away,
A hundred thousand souls a day,
In Christless guilt and gloom.
O Church of Christ what wilt thou say,
When in that awful judgment day,
They charge thee with their doom.

The World for Jesus.



ALL the world for Jesus
My prayer shall be,
And my watch-word ever,
Himself for me.

All the world for Jesus
My work shall be;
Spreading Christ's salvation
So full and free.

All the world for Jesus
He died for all,
Sound through all the nations,
His Gospel call.

All the world for Jesus
For all are lost,
And one soul for Jesus
Is worth the cost.

All the world for Jesus
O let us send,
Even our best and dearest,
To the world's end.

All the world for Jesus
O let us give,
All our mites and millions,
That souls may live.

All the world for Jesus
O let us pray,
Lord, the heathen's anguish,
On us lay.

All the world for Jesus
O let us go,
Haste ! the world is sinking
To endless woe.

All the world for Jesus
O let us fly!
E'er a thousand millions,
Forever die.

All the world for Jesus
So shall we bring,
Soon the glorious coming
Of Christ our King.

All the world for Jesus,
Lord, quickly come,
Bring Thy promised Kingdom,
And take us Home.

All the world for Jesus
My watchword be ;
And my strength for service,
Himself for me.



Under the Southern Cross.



'TIS NIGHT beneath the Southern Cross
O'er all the Polynesian isles ;
Upon the fairest earthly scenes
The midnight moonbeam faintly smiles. *

'Tis deeper night in Southern Isles
In hearts defiled by guilt and sin ;
On every side is loveliness,
But all is dark and vile within.

Another cross ascends the sky
O'er all the Polynesian Isles ;
A brighter light than crescent moon
O'er all these wretched regions smiles.

It is the cross of Calvary,
It is the Sun of Righteousness ;
And o'er these scenes of night and sin
It sheds the light of love and peace.

Shine on, O Sun of Righteousness !
O'er every shore O Cross arise !
Till all these beauteous isles shall be
A holy, happy Paradise.



The Glad Home Coming.



I AM waiting for the Coming of the Bridegroom in the air,
I am longing for the gathering of the ransomed
over there.

I am putting on the garments which the heavenly
Bride shall wear.

For the glad Home Coming draweth nigh.

I am letting go the pleasures and the treasures world-
lings prize,

I am laying up my treasures and ambitions in the skies,
I am setting my affections where there are no broken ties,
For the glad Home Coming draweth nigh.

I am hasting on the Coming of the Bridegroom in the air.
I am sending forth the Gospel of the Kingdom everywhere.

I am warning saints and sinners, for the summons to
prepare,
For the glad Home Coming draweth nigh.

I am watching for the rising of the Morning Star's first ray,
In my heart its beams have risen as the Harbinger of day.
Christ in me the Hope of glory, every moment seems to say,
"Lo! the glad Home Coming draweth nigh."

Oh! the joy of meeting Jesus and the loved ones gone
before!

Oh! to be where sin and sorrow, pain and sickness
come no more.

All my heart is turning ever to that everlasting shore.
Where the glad Home Coming draweth nigh.

Oh! the glad Home Coming! it is swiftly drawing nigh,
Oh! the sad Home Longing will be over by and bye.
Lo! the Bridegroom cometh, Holy watchers soon will cry.
For the glad Home Coming draweth nigh.

The Summer Land of Love.



I 'VE REACHED the Land of Beulah, the summer Land of Love,
Land of the Heavenly Bridegroom, land of the Holy Dove,
My winter has departed, my summer-time has come,
The air is full of singing, the earth is bright with bloom.

My Heavenly Bridegroom sought me and called me one glad day,
“Arise my love, my fair one, arise and come away,”
I listened to His pleading, I gave Him all my heart,
And we are one forever and never more shall part,

He lets me call Him Husband, I have Him always
near,
He carries every burden, He comforts every fear,
He calls me His beloved, I lean upon His breast,
I've reached the Land of Beulah, the Promised
Land of Rest.

My life is all transfigured by the sweet touch of
love,
O'er all around there shineth a glory from above.
The water of earth's pleasures is changed to hea-
venly wine,
And life like Cana's wedding becomes a feast
Divine.

I've found the fount of healing, the spring of life
divine,
It is the love of Jesus, it is the marriage wine,

I've found the fount of pleasure, a cup without
alloy,
It is the love of Jesus, it is the Bridegroom's joy.

I've found the heavenly secret, the Love Life of
the Lord,
The Golden Chain that bindeth the story of His
Word.
Christ is the Heavenly Bridegroom, to seek His
Bride He came,
This is the consummation, the Marriage of the
Lamb.

Soon will He come in glory to claim His waiting
Bride,
But well I'll know the Bridegroom, He walketh
by my side,

He'll know me when He cometh, He'll call me by
my name,
And take me to the marriage, the Marriage of the
Lamb.

REFRAIN :

O blessed land of Beulah, sweet summer Land of
Love,
O blessed heavenly Bridegroom, O blessed Holy
Dove,
O Jesus keep me ever all earth-born things above,
In the blessed Land of Beulah, the summer Land
of Love.

Three Christmas Gifts.



LET me tell you a tale of the Christmas time
That comes from the legends old,
Of the Magi that came when Christ was born,
With their treasures and gifts of gold.

The first was a King of the Orient climes—
Melchior the name he bore;
He has come to worship a mightier King,
And own His Sovereign Power.

But no token comes from the Holy Babe,
No sign nor word is given,
For what are the treasures of all the world,
To the Lord of earth and Heaven?

Then Gaspar next his offering brought
More delicately rare ;
'Twas the fresh and fragrant frankincense
That spake of Love and Prayer.

And the Babe looked down on the kneeling form,
And its lips just seemed to move ;
For dearer to Him than treasures rare,
Is the incense of our love.

With a trembling step and a face of care
Baltassar bowed his head ;
His gift was myrrh, the mourner's sign,
The memorial of the dead.

It spake of the sorrows his heart had known,
And the story of earthly woe ;
The heart-ache and the agony
That human bosoms know.

And the legend tells that the gentle Babe,
As if seeming to understand,
Reached out its fingers, received the myrrh,
And touched the mourner's hand.

That Heart of love had felt the thrill
Of sympathetic grief ;
And Christ had begun to drink our myrrh.
And send us His relief.

On His head was laid our load of sin,
And "our sicknesses He bare,"
He calls our burden a welcome "gift ;"
He will carry all our care.

He will take your gold and frankincense.
And your love to His heart is dear,
But dearer than all is the mourner's myrrh
And the sinner's contrite tear.

Ô, is there among us an aching heart
In this happy Christmas day?
Come, leave your myrrh with Bethlehem's Babe,
And bear His smile away.

And is there a heart that loves His Name.
And would His image bear?
Go forth, like Him, and let aching hearts
Your kind compassion share.

You may have the frankincense and gold
Of human praise and gain,
But the Christ-like heart will choose the myrrh
And lighten your brother's pain.

So strangely selfish has Christmas grown
That one can scarce believe
That 'twas He who was born this night, who said
" 'Tis more blessed to give than receive."

The Lily of Bethlehem.



HAVE YOU heard of the legend of Bethlehem's Lily,
That grows in perpetual bloom ;
Through summers and winters of centuries hoary,
Oe'r a poor little cripple's lone tomb ?

The Knights of the Crusade are said to have found it
And marked the lone spot as a shrine ;
And the monks have for ages enclosed it and watched it.
With a reverence almost divine.

'Tis a fable no doubt of pious tradition.
But instruction it well may afford ;
For it tells of the recompense surely awaiting,
Our lowliest gifts to the Lord.

Then he thought of a gift he might venture to offer
On that breast of Immaculate Love,
A flower so pure in its whiteness and fragrance,
That it seemed to have dropped from above.

And softly he stole to the garden to gather
A Lily all fragrant and fair,
Then gently he crept to the side of the Manger,
And laid it with reverence there.

And Mary received it and tenderly placed it
On the breast of the Heavenly child,
While the eyes of the Babe on the cripple were fastened,
And His face with benignity smiled.

He had given his best, to his King and his Saviour
And his gift was all spotless and pure ;
And like Mary's anointing at Bethany's banquet,
Its fragrance shall ever endure.

On the night when the Magi pressed close to the manger,
With their gifts for the Saviour and Lord ;
A poor cripple boy had ventured to follow
And gaze on the Face they adored.

The Magi rebuked the cripple's intrusion,
And bade him with harshness be gone ;
But Mary extended a smile and a welcome,
And bade him draw near to her Son.

With rapture he looked on the face of his Saviour,
And the treasures they laid at His feet.
And he wished that he also might place on His bosom,
Some offering and sacrifice meet.

But he had no gold, no myrrh and no incense,
Nor costly oblation to bring
And his poor crippled form seemed unworthy of bowing
At the feet of so mighty a King.

With the dawn both the Babe and the Magi departed
To return to the village no more ;
And the cripple ere long had passed to the country
Where trials and sorrows are o'er.

They laid him away 'neath a little green hillock
And but few may have wept o'er his tomb,
But lo ! when the earth had been closed o'er his coffin,
A Lily burst forth into bloom.

It seemed as if angels had kept the fair blossom
He had placed on Immanuel's breast,
To lay on his bosom in loving remembrance,
And honor the place of his rest.

And still it has blossomed in beauty unfading
As ages on ages have rolled,
Through the summers and winters of centuries hoary,
With a freshness that never grows old.

O Lily of Bethlehem teach us the lesson,
Of the Love life that never can die ;
Of the gifts that return to the true hearted giver,
In a hundred fold harvest on high.

The flowers that grew in the gardens of Judah
Are withered long ages ago ;
But the one that was laid at the feet of the Saviour,
Forever shall blossom and grow.

What we give is eternal, what we keep is forgotten,
As we die we more truly shall live :
And out of our tears and our treasures are fashioned,
The jewels and crowns He shall give.

For Love is Immortal as God is who gave it,
And will blossom in spite of the tomb ;
As Bethlehem's lily, so fresh and unfading,
Above the dark sepulchre's gloom.

And death is only the pathway and portal,
To the life that shall die never more ;
And the cross leadeth up to the crown everlasting,
The Jordan to Canaan's bright shore.

From a grave the Lily of Bethlehem blossomed,
And our life begins at His cross :
For the soul goeth forth than the lily more spotless
When it counteth all else but loss.

Let us not be afraid to die with the Master
To the world to ourselves and our sin ;
Our going out is only His gateway
To a grander coming in.

To His garden the Bridegroom cometh often
To gather His lilies still :
Shall He have our spirit's richest fragrance,
Our love, our strength and our will,

Dost thou say I have naught that I can offer?
I have nothing meet for Thee,
I am worthless as Bethlehem's helpless cripple,
I am poor and weak as he.

There's a lily wasting now in thy garden
Go lay thy heart at His feet;
The altar will sanctify the offering
And thou for His use be meet.

Nor shrink though still the cross may follow,
For forth from the grave shall rise
A harvest of holy and glad fruition,
Like the flowers of Paradise.

Yes, Master, we bring Thee our fairest lilies,
Our hearts, our hopes, our powers;
O may they be like Bethlehem's Lily,
Thine Amaranthine flowers.

He is Risen.



ON THE withered branch of a window rose
A caterpillar lay ;
It's robe was falling from its form,
And its life seemed ebbing away.

On a couch in that room a maiden lay
Prostrate with lingering pain ;
“My life,” she cried, “is like yonder worm,
As withered and as vain.”

“Your sighs,” said her friend, “shall be turned
to songs ;
Your withered life shall rise,
As even that crawling dreaming worm
Shall yet soar in the summer skies.

It was thus the Master suffered, too,
And sank to an early tomb ;
But the Easter was born 'neath the sealed stone,
And His life from death's dark womb.

And our Passion week has its Easter dawn
And a rapture for every pain ;
For if we die we shall live with Him, too,
If we suffer we shall reign."

The days passed on in that chamber of pain,
And the glorious morn was near ;
But its light had fallen on her heart,
And its peace was already there.

She turned to gaze on the morning beams
Through the radiant casement flung ;
When lo ! a lovely butterfly
On a new-born lily hung.

From that crawling chrysalis it had come,
Its earthly robe was shed.
Like the Lord of life, it had burst its tomb,
And had risen as from the dead.

In that hour she saw as in vision clear,
Her Saviour's open tomb;
And o'er her life a glory passed
That banished all the gloom.

Sorrow, her heart could crush no more,
The stone was rolled away;
The night of despair had become the dawn
Of an everlasting day.

Two pictures were born that Easter morn,
The one your eyes behold;
The other her life has been painting since
In colors of living gold.

The Cross and the Vine.



I N AN old quaint Church in Denmark
A marble figure stands,
Fashioned into a shapely cross
By great Thorwaldsen's hands.

And beneath and around the figure
There trails a living vine
Whose rich and fragrant blossoms
With perfume fill the shrine.

Fair is the sculptured figure
Treasured with loyal pride,
And higher far the thought it breathes
Of Jesus crucified,

But the living vine that entwines it
A nobler message tells,
For it speaks of the Risen and Living One,
And the music of Easter Bells.

It is not the marble crucifix,
Nor even the Crucified,
But the Lord of light and love Himself
Can satisfy his Bride.

The world is crying for Living Bread,
Shall we only give it a stone?
Nay, tell them the Lord is risen indeed
And our hearts may be His throne.

Around His cross and passion
Let Faith her flowers entwine,
And Love her sweet fruition bear
Till the Cross is lost, in the vine.

For the Living Vine is Jesus,
In whose fullness we may hide;
And find our life and fruitfulness
As we in Him abide.



Moment by Moment.



TWO CLOCKS on a parlor mantel stood,
The one had just been made,
The first was ticking merrily,
The other seemed sore afraid.

“They tell me,” it cried to its busy mate,
And the pendulum shook with fear,
“Thirty million ticks and more,
I must make ere the end of the year.”

“It never—never can be done.
I will not try one bit ;
And then it began to shake and whirr,
As if it had a fit.

“You foolish thing,” the other cried,
“Why it is only fun,
A tick a second, that’s all—you see
How easily it is done.”

“Don’t think of the millions, only mind
The moments as they come ;
A tick a second is all you need
To finish the frightful sum.”

Ah, friends, how much it would ease our tasks
For the year that’s just begun,
To live our life a step at a time,
And our moments one by one.

Heavenly Love.

PARAPHRASE OF I. CORINTHIANS XIII.



NOBLER than mortal tongue,
Sweeter than angel song,
Wiser than wisdom's light,
Stronger than faith's great might,
Richer than costliest gifts of gold,
Dearer than blood of martyrs bold.

Long suffering and kind,
Scorning the envious mind,
From proud, vain glory free,
Clothed with humility,
By sweet behaviour always known,
And never seeking first her own.

With perfect self-control,
And unsuspecting soul,
Rejoicing with the right,
Enduring wrong and slight,
While faith and hope still look above,
And holy patience perfects love.

Love, thou canst never fail !
Prophetic light shall pale,
The noblest tongues decay
And knowledge pass away,
But love shall ever more increase,
Its holy empire cannot cease.

Children we are below,
And all we think we know,
Will soon be lost to view

In heaven's high manhood true ;
But life is heaven's school of love,
And love the life of heaven above.

Faith is the hand that clings
To all that mercy brings,
And hope the eye that sees
Our glorious destinies,
But love the heart to which is given
The Life of God, the joy of heaven.



What would Jesus Do?



WHAT TO DO we often wonder,
Wishing for some watchword true,
Lo, the answer God hath given,
What would Jesus do?

Every question this will settle,
Every tangled maze undo,
Just to pause and ask each moment,
What would Jesus do?

When the world with smile alluring,
Would to sinful pleasure woo,
This will answer all its pleading,
What would Jesus do?

When the shafts of fierce temptation,
With their fiery darts pursue,
This will be your heavenly armor,
What would Jesus do?

When you drink the cup of anguish,
Which He often drank for you,
Think when tempted oft to murmur,
What would Jesus do?


When you suffer, like the Master
'Mid Golgotha's scoffing crew,
Suffer long and still remember,
What would Jesus do?

When the path of sacred duty,
Fiery trials lead you through,
Shrink not, faint not, but remember,
What would Jesus do?

When the foes of truth are raging,
And its friends are faint and few,
Stand unfaltering, thinking only,
What would Jesus do?

When He comes we shall be like Him,
We may now be like Him too,
All our life to others showing,
What would Jesus do.

How our lives would speak for Jesus,
If we ever kept in view,
Every word and thought and action,
What would Jesus do?



Through Death to Life.



I AM CRUCIFIED with Jesus,
And the cross hath set me free,
I have risen again with Jesus,
And He lives and reigns in me.

O, how sweet to die with Jesus !
To the world and self and sin.
O, how sweet to live with Jesus,
As He lives and reigns within.

Mystery hid from ancient ages !
But at length to faith made plain :
Christ in me the Hope of Glory,
Tell it o'er and o'er again.

This the secret nature hideth,
Summer dies and lives again,
Spring from winter's grave ariseth,
Harvest grows from buried grain.

This the sacred mystery covered
By the sweet baptismal sign ;
With the Lord our life is buried,
Raised with Him to life divine.

This the secret of the holy,
Not our holiness, but Him.
Jesus ! empty us and fill us,
With Thy fullness to the brim.

This the balm for pain and sickness,
Just to all our strength to die,
And to find His life and fullness,
All our being's need supply.

This the story of the Master,
Through the Cross He reached the Throne,
And like Him our path to glory,
Ever leads through death alone.

It may be our dust shall moulder,
In the tomb where Jesus lay,
But we'll rise in all His glory
On the resurrection day.



Jesus Bears our Sorrow.



JESUS came from Heaven above,
Came to bear our sorrow,
Lived a life of suffering love,
Lived to bear our sorrow.

Jesus walked in Galilee,
Just to bear our sorrow,
Jesus died on Calvary,
Died to bear our sorrow.

Jesus rose no more to die,
Rose to bear our sorrow,
Jesus reigns above the sky,
Reigns to bear our sorrow.

Jesus sent the Spirit down,
Down to bear our sorrow,
Jesus makes our heart His throne,
Jesus bears our sorrow.

Jesus sanctifies our soul,
Healing all our sorrow,
Jesus makes our sickness whole,
Jesus bears our sorrow.

Jesus carries all our cares,
Jesus knows our sorrow.
Jesus all our burdens bears,
Jesus bears our sorrow.

Jesus weeps with all our woes,
Jesus feels our sorrow.
Jesus meets for us our foes,
Jesus bears our sorrow.

Jesus soon will come again,
Come to end our sorrow,
Then we'll sing in louder strain,
Jesus bore our sorrow.

REFRAIN : .

I'm so glad that Jesus came
To set the sufferer free,
I'm so glad He's still the same
Who walked in Galilee,
I'm so glad His glorious name
Hath healed and ransomed me,
I'm so glad He'll do the same
Poor suffering one for thee.

Kadesh Barnea.



THEY came to the gates of Canaan,
But they never entered in.
They came to the very threshold,
But they perished in their sin.

They looked at the sons of Anak,
They forgot Jehovah's hand,
They yielded to fears and doubtings,
And they lost the Promised Land.

On the morrow they would have entered,
But God had shut the gate.
They wept, they rashly ventured,
But alas ! it was too late.

And so we are ever coming
To the place where two ways part,
One leads to the Land of Promise,
And one to a hardened heart,

There's a promise left us also,
And we all may enter in,
But we may come short of our Canaan,
We may perish in our sin.

2

O brother, give heed to the warning,
And obey His voice to-day.
The Spirit to thee is calling,
O do not grieve Him away.

Take heed lest thy heart be hardened
By the sin of unbelief,
And thine be the years of wandering,
And of unavailing grief.

O come in complete surrender,
O turn from thy doubt and sin,
Pass on from Kadesh to Canaan,
And a crown and kingdom win.

REFRAIN :

O hearken to the Holy Ghost,
To-day if ye will hear His voice,
To-day while it is called to-day,
O harden not your heart.



My Beloved.



I 'LL SING of my beloved,
My Husband and my Friend ;
He loved me from the beginning,
He loves me to the end.

The Name of my Beloved
Is sweet as ointment rare ;
The chief among ten thousand,
The altogether fair.

The Face of my Beloved
Is lovelier to my sight
Than all earth's sons and daughters,
Or heaven's sons of light.

The Voice of my Beloved
Is sweeter to my ear
Than earth's divinest music,
Or voice of friend most dear.

The Smile of my Beloved
Is brighter in my eyes
Than heaven's most glorious sunshine,
Or earth's most tempting prize.

The Heart of my Beloved
Is dearer far to me
Than loves most fond affection,
Or sweetest ecstasy.

The Hand of my Beloved
Is ever clasped in mine ;
It leads me, heals me, holds me,
With love and strength divine.

The Home of my Beloved
Is the Palace of the King,
His chariot soon is coming
His waiting Bride to bring.

But He my well Beloved
Is more than all to me,
Himself my joy, my Portion
Himself my song shall be.

O Christ is my Beloved,
My Husband and my Friend ;
He loved me from the beginning,
He loves me to the end.

